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# WAY-SONGS AND WANDERINGS

CLAIBORNE ADDISON YOUNG

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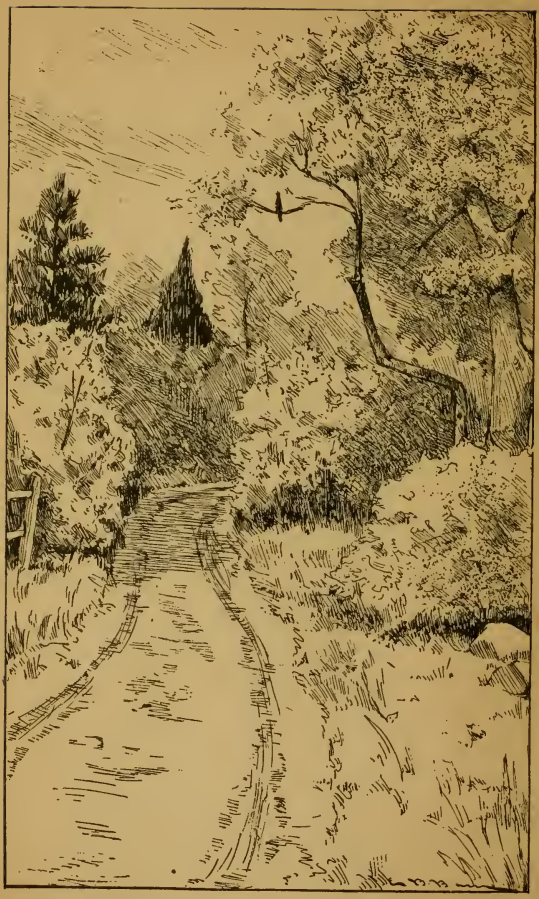
# I. WAY SONGS



"THAT OUT FROM THE DUSTY HIGHWAY LED."

# WAY SONGS AND WANDERINGS

BY
CLAIBORNE ADDISON YOUNG

Illustrated
BY ETHELRED B. BARRY

BOSTON
ESTES & LAURIAT
1897

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# WAY SONGS AND WANDERINGS.

# CONTENTS.


PAGE

## Way Songs.

Prelude . . . . . 1
Time the Fast Driver . . . . . 2
"He Came Unto His Own" . . . . 4
A Good-By Quaff . . . . . 5
To My Brother . . . . . 6
Garth to Guy . . . . . 7
Requiem . . . . . 8
A Greenacre Song . . . . . 9
Katahdin . . . . . 11
A Way Song . . . . . 12
The Plowboy's Song . . . . . 13
Burns . . . . . 15
The Rolling Stone . . . . . 16

## Heart Songs.

The Frogs of Boone . . . . . 19
Burial of the Lumberman's Horse . . 22
The Indian Ox-Driver . . . . . 24
The World-Wide Masonry . . . . 27

## CONTENTS.


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| A Song of Twain | 30 |
| Love | 32 |
| "The Womanly Leadeth Us Ever" | 33 |
| The World Tussle | 34 |
| The Game of Life | 36 |
| The Peanut | 38 |
| Mother | 40 |
| The Aspen-Tree | 43 |
| My Little One Sleeps | 44 |
| To Mamma OOse | 46 |


### Songs of the Soul.


| | |
|---|---|
| A Song of The Soul | 52 |
| Alone | 54 |
| Work | 55 |
| The Snowdrop and the Rose-Tree | 56 |
| Aspiration | 59 |
| The Blade of Grass | 60 |
| Resignation | 61 |
| Unitas et Trinitas | 62 |
| The Dead Robin | 64 |
| Samson and Delilah | 65 |
| Hymn to Virtue | 67 |
| My Christmas | 68 |
| Easter Chimes | 71 |
| A Song of Freedom | 73 |

CONTENTS.


PAGE

It Snows . . . . . 74
A Matin Song . . . . . 75
Phillips Brooks . . . . . 76
Star Lore . . . . . 78
God-Crowned . . . . . 80
The Great Spirit . . . . . 83


Songs of Many Moods.


The Organ-Grinder's Boy . . . . . 87
A Discord from My Lyre . . . . . 89
The Morning-Glory . . . . . 90
Twice-Fed . . . . . 92
Legend of Katahdin . . . . . 93
"Noblesse Oblige"—The Noble Help . . 96
A 19th Century Knight . . . . . 97
A Bacchic Song . . . . . 98
The Call-o-Meter . . . . . 100
The Rattlesnake . . . . . 101
The Wild Rose . . . . . 104
The Mignonette's Message . . . . . 106
Wild Honey . . . . . 107
Voyagers . . . . . 111
A Texas Vision . . . . . 113
The Purple Tasselled Corn . . . . . 115
The Chickadee . . . . . 120
The Washita . . . . . 122

*These tardy sheaves, this garnered grain,*
*Unplucked by wayside long had lain.*
*Into this field from fallow lands*
*You came, rubbed heads in hands;*
*You lightly blew the chaff away.*
*"Why, this is wheat!" I heard you say.*
*"The world is full of chaff and cheat;*
*Here! See, this is honest wheat!*
*There's hunger in the world to feed,*
*While this stands here like noxious weed."*
*You thrust in sickle, gathered, gleaned,*
*Gave chaff to winds; the wheat was cleaned.*
*You found my life all sore bested,*
*This wayside field unharvested.*
*As Boaz unto Ruth, I wis,*
*What can I say but simply this:*
*"These sheaves gleaned from the wayside field,*
*This tardy harvest's garnered yield,*
*Is yours, not mine, —yea, and my life*
*Is yours, my leal and loving wife."*

# WAY SONGS AND WANDERINGS.

## Prelude.

MILESTONES of my past,
Whether they will or will not last,
That I leave to another.
They were the best I could rear, O brother!
I swiftly built
As I passed along,
Swiftly built
While singing my song.
Rhythmic strokes are flowing.
Should they wilder,
Rather than guide,
Pity the builder,
Step aside,
Into thine own path going.

## Time the Fast Driver.

"For his driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi; he driveth furiously."

YES, Jehu Time, he driveth fast,
And a reckless driver is he;
With a whiz and a whirl he dashes past,
And our friends we scarcely see.

Sometimes he seems to slacken his speed,
And then we say, "Good-morning,"
But before we've time to say, "Good-by,"
He's off without a warning.

We pass through places shady and cool,
In which we'd love to linger;
With a crack of his whip he says, "You fool!"
And he's off with a snap of his finger.

But for every place that's shady and cool,
There are twenty dusty and hot;
And I for one, though you call me a fool,
I like this lively trot.

If go I must
Through the mire and dust
Of this world and its hubbub of lies,
Though wheels be rust,
Their strength I'll trust,
I care not how fast she flies.

So get up, old Red!
Go 'long, Old Sled!
I like this jolly driving.
Though friends be dead
And hopes be fled,
Old Time don't stop for shriving.

And thus, in spite of prayers and tears,
Old Time, he driveth onward.
God grant that you, and I, and all,
For aye be driven sunward.

## "He Came Unto His Own."

IF this old barn should stand,
If time should fail to crumble to decay,
Men in after-time shall come
To read the characters I have cut to-day.

A sort of sad farewell,
They are carved here
Because there were no hearts
To write them on.

But I have that within me
That can never die,
That yet shall quicken human clay.
Standing here they'll say:

"He came unto his own;
His own received him not,
Or looked with eye askance;
So gathered he himself around himself,
And went his way."

## A Good-by Quaff.

I HAVE packed my traps,
I have wrapped myself round me;
If the world does not love,
It leaves as it found me.

If friends fell off
As leaves fall in autumm,
They only did
What the frost devil taught 'em.

If you stood firm
When the wind roared loudly,
I can only say
You did it proudly.

I toss this off
As we drink the wine flowing.
A health to Humphrey;
I drink it going.

## To My Brother.

WELL, Neal, three years grinding,
And never a minister yet;
Tell mother not to worry,
Tell her not to fret.

For though her boy in a pulpit
May never wag his head,
She may take to herself much comfort
From the words that Jesus said:

"The field is the world." 'Twas spoken
Two thousand years ago.
There is fallow land unbroken
In that field as yet, I trow.

So I've packed my traps for starting;
I leave with my grist unground.
I shall not wait for a license,
Or for the B. D.'s sound.

I start for the South to-morrow,—
Start with never a call,
Save that of black hands reaching,
And white that helpless fall.

## Garth to Guy.

"God be wi' you, old fellow."

I MEAN by this,
May your good star guide;
I mean by this,
May no ill betide.

I shout this after,
I hail from the *Rover;*
I've greeted few like,
Though I've sailed the seas over.

*Kali Lukna, I. T.*

## Requiem.

YE have gone, have gone, my beautiful,
Ye were untrue to me;
My heart was not undutiful,
Yet ye have fled from me.

Ye go your ways of sorrow;
I hail the glad to-morrow:
It always finds me free.
In dubious ways ye travel;
Life's skein I slow unravel:
Its thread leads me from thee.

Else by the wayside sitting,
Life's car swift by us flitting,
Dismal ye croak to me:
"The way you choose is lonely."
It is the true, the only,
The only way for me.

Life's life I must be living.
This is the living, giving;
All others steal from thee.
This sweetens bitter partings;
This hastens dreaded startings
Across life's stormy sea.

## A Greenacre Song.

A STIRRUP-CUP AT PARTING.

GREENACRE, Land of God,
Where the sky and the silent sun,
Bending o'er sea and sod,
Blend all, bind all in one.

Leap forth, O life of the soul!
A picture radiant, rare;
And the life that spurns control
Shall banish our burden of care.

Be alive, O glad Greek days
Of Plato's Academe!
Come, still Palestinian ways:
Bring us the dear Christ dream.

May the Eternal Youth of Greece,
And Jesu's "Like as a little child,"
Blending, bring in peace, —
Peace, with her reign so mild.

Peace, with her white dove's wings,
Brooding, sheltering all,

Singing the sweetest things,
  Seeking far lands with her call.

Minding not time, nor clime,
  Minding only the soul;
Chanting the rune of a rhyme
  That welds the world as a whole.

Dear, departing days,
  Stay with us, oh, stay!
Sweet Greenacre ways,
  Come again to us, we pray.

## Katahdin.

HOW old art thou, Katahdin?
Go count the myriad years;
Go tell the columned centuries
Man's dimmed by blood and tears.

I yet was old, Katahdin,
Ere Time's car spun along;
Ere soldiers fought a battle,
Ere poet crooned a song.

Ay, when the crowding centuries
Have pushed men from their sight,
I, yet as old, Katahdin,
Shall dwell with God and night.

## A Way Song.

AH Allah, il Allah!
God is good;
And that is all.
And great Pan
Doth fill and brood
Man and snake;
And that is all.

Ah Allah, il Allah!
God is pure;
And that is all.
He who rests
In Him is sure,
If he rise,
Or if he fall.

Ah Allah, il Allah!
God is beauty;
And that is all.
What to me
Is fame or duty?
God's heart throbs;
And that is all.

## The Plowboy's Song.

UP hill and down hill,
Over and around hill,
Through the waving corn,
Now crooning, now singing,
Thoughts waking, then winging,
I plow from early morn.

Till the sun's rays are slanting,
Repeating, half chanting,
This song of a poet born;
This music that haunts me,
This singing that daunts me,
As I plow through the rows of corn.

"My thoughts are like fireflies pulsing in moonlight,
My heart is a silver cup, full of red wine,
My soul a pale gleaming horizon whence, soon, light
Shall flood the gold world with a torrent divine."

Ah, poet, I thank thee,
Ah, poet, you rank me:
  Thy song is the trill of a bird;
Thy thoughts they go flying,
Go singing and flying;
  Thy song o'er the world is heard.

## Burns.

HERE I leave you, Bobbie Burns,
A fellow sad and mad by turns;
A fellow too of wondrous heart,
A man to take a neighbor's part.
A bread and butter week-day poet,
A genius, too, who does not know it,
Who only knows to touch the heart,
With dainty fingers o'er it sweeping;
Now at a wild, weird song we start,
Now with him we are laughing, weeping.
With him I sought your sunny South, —
Of late it's not so sunny either,
But he's a friend that sticketh close
In sun or rain or windy weather.
What though with thee 'tis hard to part?
Yet, Bobbie, in good hands I leave you;
Your sunny smile may take the smart
From some hard raps we Yankees give you.

*Laurens, S. C.*

## The Rolling Stone.

I'VE heard it said over and over,
That "rolling stones gather no moss,"—
As if you could measure the Rover
By the scale of profit and loss.

'Tis a saying, no doubt, very clever,
By me it shall ne'er be gainsaid;
You may harp on it now and forever,
But I'm not in the moss trade.

"THE HEART, THE HEART IS STRONGER."

# II. HEART SONGS

## The Frogs of Boone.

I STOOD 'neath the shades of Harvard,
Under the midnight moon,
And my soul to herself was humming,
Humming a low, sad tune.

Up from the North came shimmering
Aurora's roseate hue;
The moonlight pale was glimmering
From fleeces of gold and blue.

Zigzag from the South came sailing
Wild geese, a jolly crew;
One lone frog was hailing,
Hailing young Spring's début.

But it wasn't Aurora's shimmering,
It wasn't the moon's pale glimmering
That held my heart in thrall;
No, nor the zigzag sailing,
But 'twas the frog's weird hailing
That moved me most of all.

Perhaps in rules pathetic,
Perhaps in rules poetic

I here may make mistake;
But the heart, the heart is stronger,
Her rules for aye last longer;
Though old, they're ever younger
Than critic or cynic make.

And I tell you, Neal, — no joking, —
That this poor lone frog's croaking
Cheats time of a score of years.
And you and I together,
In Spring's first sunny weather,
Paddle in the pond.
And now we pause and listen
While gleeful eyes glisten
To hear what the old frogs say.

"Jug o' rum, jug o' rum."
From the other shore the sound doth come,
And away to the other side we dash;
And down he goes with a chug and a splash
And we have abolished the toper.

"Old Hodge got drunk, got drunk,"
And at him you hurl a rotten chunk;
And in he goes ku chug, ku klunk,
And laughing we roll over and over.

But now again the pond is still,
And I am back to the Minister Mill,
  The Mill where I've brought my grist.
But I tell you, Neal, no earthly grinding
Shall dim my eyes to the silver lining
  Of the clouds the sun has kissed.
But were old Boone swamp all over,
For her swamps and her frogs I still would
    love her.

## Burial of the Lumberman's Horse.

WHAT?
Pull off his shoes?
I ruther guess not.
If you try
I think you'll find them
A little too hot
For a man like you to hold them.

He's not in debt
As I know on,
And he's yarded many a spruce.
He's held them level
On a down-hill jump,
Where they went like hell was loose.

Once we yarded
Out in the brush,
And a two-foot spruce shot by
That looked as if
It had been willin'
For Bill and I both to die.

So I guess we'll bury him
Shoes and all,
  If iron is heavy to tote;
And if one of you
Starts a single nail,
  I'll ram it down his throat.

## The Indian Ox-Driver.

*Little girl:* "Mamma, do Bullwhackers have souls?"

WELL, I think they do.
I think I saw one in one, —
If you'll stop I'll show him to you.

Away in the Indian country,
In the nation Chickasaw,
As white as you or I, sir,
But an Indian under the law.

Square and trim as a clipper
Stood that Indian, William Guy,
A felt hat slouching jauntily
Over a twinkling eye.

Pants in his boots, in his belt
A knife and a shooter six, —
"With me a knife or revolver
Is the last way out of a fix.

" I'll wait the second shot, sir,
Rather than kill a man.
I've had the drop on a dozen;
To kill was to lift my hand."

A twelve-foot lash of rawhide
Over his shoulder swung,
Is Guy as he stands by his cattle,
Five yoke with shoulders unwrung.

You should hear the crack of his whip,
Hear him say, " Get up, cattle,"
Hear the half-muffled bells
Ahead of his wagon rattle.

" Yes, yes, I sometimes swear,
But I never curse my cattle
Since I cursed old Buck:
Next day I heard his death-rattle.

" I'm one of Nature's children,
And about as rough as she makes."
The rough I found a shell;
Break it, a god awakes.

His hands, maybe, are roughened,
But so soft they touch a guitar

That moon and stars seem swimming
In the azure depths afar.

He dotes on a scrap of Shakespeare, —
Yes, the rough bullwhacker reads:
I find him at home on the heights
Where the winged-souled Byron treads.

I heard him say last night,
Half in earnest, half in jest,
As he softened a board with a blanket
His tired limbs to rest:

"The foxes have holes;
The birds of the air have nests;
But the son of man is at home
Wherever his head rests."

Would you hear the crack of his whip?
Hear him say, "Get up, cattle?"
Hear the half-muffled bells
Ahead of his wagon rattle?

## The World-Wide Masonry.

NO, I don't believe in the Masons,
Nor any of them things; you see
I had tried one or two on 'em,
But somehow we couldn't agree.

I had started to walk to Sherman:
Everything seemed out of j'int.
I had tried straight up and down honest
Every way to make my pint.

Things sometimes go back on a feller, —
They allers go back on me;
I turned it inside out and over,
I said, "Ole world, you and I can't gee."

I war gwine to turn hermit or hunter, —
Somethin' of that sort, you see, —
No, I warn't a-gwine to turn nothin',
I war jest a-gwine to be me.

I war trampin' along in the mud,
On my road to the Maine pine woods:
I warn't bothered by carryin'
Any heap of this world's goods.

At the start I strained my ankle,
So I hobbled along purty slow,
Thinkin' of the twenty miles ahead,
And the hermit plan a poor go.

A feller came by in a buggy,
"Whoa! Git up and ride,"
Though he didn't know of my ankle
Till arter I war up by his side.

We rid together up hill and down hill,
Twenty miles of the awfullest road.
I sed, ez I dumped outen the buggy,
"Stranger, what der yer charge fur yer load?"

"Nothin'; no, sir, nothin'.
Stranger, that ain't my way;
This road's a little too muddy
Ter haul a man on't fur pay."

"I'd ruther you'd take it, stranger."
"No, sir; if you don't 'commodate me,
Pass it 'long, pass it 'long, keep it goin';
If a thing's good, keep it goin', yer see."

That feller, he warn't a Mason,
But he showed up and down a man;

And somehow I didn't turn hermit,
'Cordin' ter my 'riginal plan.

I find, as I limp 'long life's journey,
Drives up, every now and then,
One uv these true-blue fellers,—
None uv yer skimmed-milk men.

"Hello, ole galloot! how be yer?"
"Jim, darn yer, where 'av yer been?"
A hand grip,—the signs and password,—
And one uv our order is seen.

## A Song of Twain.

HE.

I HAVE nor gold nor lands, my love,
Nor fame to offer thee.

SHE.

You have your own true heart, my love,
And that is more to me.

HE.

But the world hath a shoulder cold, my love,
For lowly poverty.

SHE.

Your heart for aye is warm, my love;
What's all the world to me?

HE.

But a gaunt, grim wolf may crouch at the door,
When days are dark and drear.

SHE.

Your arm I know is strong, my love,
Why should I doubt or fear?

HE.

But fairy fabrics become, my love,
Warm tints and eider down.

SHE.

But I know one would think me fair
Did I wear a hempen gown.

HE.

You are a violet frail, my love,
That shrinks from the summer sun

SHE.

The oak has a pleasant shade, my love,
You and the oak are one.

HE.

But I fear, I fear, my own true love;
It harries me night and day.

SHE.

Yet God is God, my own true love;
'Twere better to work and pray.

## Love.

A picture — a candle, a moth, a rose, and a dagger in a lady's bower.

I.

I GO and come,
Doth she but call:
A rose, a bower,
And that is all.

II.

With singed wings
The god doth fall:
A moth, a flame,
And that is all.

III.

Six bearers slow,
A midnight pall:
Night, and a dagger,
And that is all.

## "The Womanly Leadeth Us Ever."

TO the noble and pure,
To the steadfast and sure ;
You beckon me ever
To firmer endeavor,
To the high and the holy,
To toil for the lowly.
You wed love to duty,
You fill life with beauty ;
That life no more drifts,
That the soul life uplifts,
O Rhadha ! so true,
This owe I to you.

## The World Tussle.

(To a Classmate.)

HUMPH! old boy, how goes it?
How wags the world with you?
I and the world have had it
In a rough and tumble set-to.

Like Jacob of old I've wrestled,
Wrestled with the angel Hard Times.
Adversity, some would call him,
Some a lack of dimes.

And many a time, my angel
Has thrown me a good fair fall,
Till it's become a thing so common,
I mind it not at all.

I get up so good-natured
His grimness grows soft-featured,—
He seems Hard Times no more.
I thus his patience worry,
Or else his favor curry,
As Jacob did of yore.

And, humph! I like this wrestling
Better than cosy nestling
  In beds of eider down.
It doth the sinews toughen,
It doth the soft hand roughen,
  It crowns with manhood's crown.

Still that old, old story,
Told to Israel's glory,
  Is true e'en now as then:
That he who comes victorious,
From wrestlings long laborious,
  Has power with God and men.

## The Game of Life.

WELL, by this time you've entered college,
An earnest freshman pursuing knowledge.
You've played first inning of that grand match game
'Twixt self and the world, 'twixt rot and a name:
How stands the score at the end of the inning?
What are the chances of our side winning?
Who is the umpire? What is his name?
Art sure you've chosen worthy the game?
Did I say "chosen"? Be strong in not choosing;
Show yourself strong, each upstart refusing.
Offers come here, offers come there:
"We know the game, we'll umpire fair."
Heed them not, heed them not, as you value your life,—
You are the one concerned in this strife;
You, and you only, can umpire the game,—
If it's not on the square, yours is the blame.
A word just here,—its truth you will find,—
Devilish cool are the old world nine;
Professionals they are who can take an outing,
Or make a whitewash with never a shouting.
You'll hear the rabble with them siding,
You'll hear the laugh, your "flies" deriding;

Expect likewise their hideous howling
Whene'er they see your awkward fouling.
When you're hot and eager, they'll be cool;
When you strike hap-hazard, they'll play rule.
Yet, knowing all these odds against you,
And knowing, too, the crowd's fornenst you,
I've risked on you my bottom dollar
That in life's game you're more than the scholar.
When the score is up and the game is done,
And you have made your last home run,
I shall wait, — "Rah, rah! our side's won!"

## The Peanut.

O NUT of suave and yielding shell!
Nut of nuts, I like thee well.
I break thy shell down to a cup,
And bottom upwards drink thee up.
I drink a health, Peanut, to thee,
I drink to Beta Theta Pi!
And as I drink thou turn'st to wine,
To liquid days of auld lang syne.
And now, before my swimming eyes
I see a peanut stack arise,
And Tau around that board is gathered;
By Greek cords once again we're tethered,
And wit like lambent lightning plays.
O most rare wit of those old days!

Kent, and Wood, and Atterbury,
And whole-souled Shaw, with heart so merry,—
That heart so sunny, frank, and gay,
The clods have hid for many a day;
And Kent and Wood have gone to seek,
Drawn by that heart so truly Greek.
And Wise, with soul so undeformed,
And Little, he who all hearts stormed;

And "Doug," the soft and oily lover, —
Sunday, week-day, love all over.
And then the Babes, Conger, Haines,
Both Greeks, well-tempered hearts and brains;
And Tuttle, Campbell, Pierce, and White, —
I'm glad ye all are here to-night.
The peanut stack, with "Dorg" on guard,
The cider jug, half soft, half hard, —
"Boys, here's to Hoosier half-and-half!"
Then comes the ringing, joyous laugh,
With toast and story, or with song, —
The livelong hours are not long.
Thanks, nut of suave and yielding shell!
Thanks for thy weirdly woven spell.
O cuplet, once again I quaff!
This time, 'tis Hoosier half-and-half.
Dead and alive, Young drinks to ye, —
A health to Beta Theta Pi.

## Mother.

I WISH I could feel to-night, mother,
Your fingers go through my hair;
I think 'twould set me right,
And lighten this load of care.

I'm weary of toiling up-hill, mother,
Of rising to fall again,
Weary of this yielding will,
Of bearing this heart of pain.

You know I would do right, mother,
I would be pure and true:
That I try to follow the right
None knows better than you.

I mind me of hearing you tell, mother, —
I had just begun to lisp, —
Of the sad, sad fate that befell
Him who followed the Will-o'-the-Wisp.

And when I'm sore misled, mother,
Through bogs and deep quagmire,
I think of what you said
About the deceiving fire.

But wherefore is the end, mother
  Of all these trials sore?
It may be I'm to be the friend
  Of those who are tempted more.

For the feeling heart alone, mother,
  Bringeth Gilead's balm;
The storms have raged in his own,
  Who another's breast would calm.

Sometimes comes the thought, mother,
  Of the Christ we love so well,
Whom you think without sin or spot, —
  I sometimes think he fell.

Else how said he what he did, mother,
  To the Pharisee-hunted girl?
He knew and wisely he chid
  Those who the stone would hurl.

And when the youth came running, mother,
  To do him homage as Lord,
Was Jesus' rebuke but punning, —
  "Only the One is good?"

I do not this to excuse, mother,
  In myself unmanly part;

'Tis because I cannot refuse
The kinship of His heart.

If you knew how this inspires, mother,
Life in this yielding clod,
How for work and toil it fires
And lifts my heart to God,

You would not worry your heart, mother,
About what your boy believes.
Ah God! help him do his part,
To soothe the soul that grieves.

And when the war is o'er, mother,
And I lay my armor by,
When we meet on the farther shore,
Why should we call it die?

You'll forget, if in the strife, mother,
My flag went down in the dust,
If once or twice in my life
I let my armor rust.

You'll only see the scars, mother,
That your boy has earned in the fight;
And perchance you may see the stars
That gleam from his crown of light.

## The Aspen-Tree.

O QUAKING aspen, aspen quaking!
Tree whose leaves for aye are shaking,
Tree that is for aye aquiver,
Tree that zephyrs send ashiver.
Two of ye did guard the gate
That mouthed the lane, so long and straight,
That out from the dusty highway led
Along the fields to the old homestead.
There ye stood so feelingly,
Looking down inquiringly,
Watching us children come and go,
Hither and thither, to and fro,
Till some went forth from out the gate
Ne'er to come back the lane so straight;
And I have wandered many a mile,
And it's long since I saw the dear old smile
That used to greet me at the gate
At the foot of the lane, so long and straight.
The smile that came so feelingly,
And always fell so healingly,
When I was sick and sore.
Would I could see the aspen's quiver,
Could hear again their rippling shiver!

## My Little One Sleeps.

MY little one sleeps
Mid rose-leaf heaps
Tossed and tumbled by chubby hands,
Hands full of roses;
King-like, tired of caprice and commands,
On his carriage throne he reposes;
He knows I carry and fetch at his call:
I'm his veriest vassal, his slave, his thrall.

Jesu! a miracle! that he,
That red-throated bird,
Flew hither from yon
With never a word!

Soft humming of wings,
Aerial poise,
What message thee brings,
Sphere harbinger of joys?

It fed from the rose
In my wee one's hand,
Then flew far away
To humming-bird land.

I hail it an omen
  Auspicious of joy
To my darling, my king,
  My sweet baby boy.

## To Mamma Ose.

THOU art not dead,
Thou art not gone.
My bonnie boy art,
Art over and on.

One little step
It is, I ween,
From here to there,
Seen to unseen.

One little step,
Through dark to light,
Into the day,
Over the night.

"Come, little leaves,"
I hear him say,
"Come o'er the meadows
With me to play."

In God's meadows
Thou art to-day,
Thy life God's song,
His work, thy play.

I tell you, there,
  God's song most sweet
Is the fairy fall
  Of wingéd feet

Of some angel child,
  As it flits to and fro,
Bearing God's love
  To hearts full of woe.

Too heavy our ears
  For the swish of wings,
The song the life
  Unending sings.

Out there, out there,
  Just a little way,
In God's meadows
  Our boy is at play.

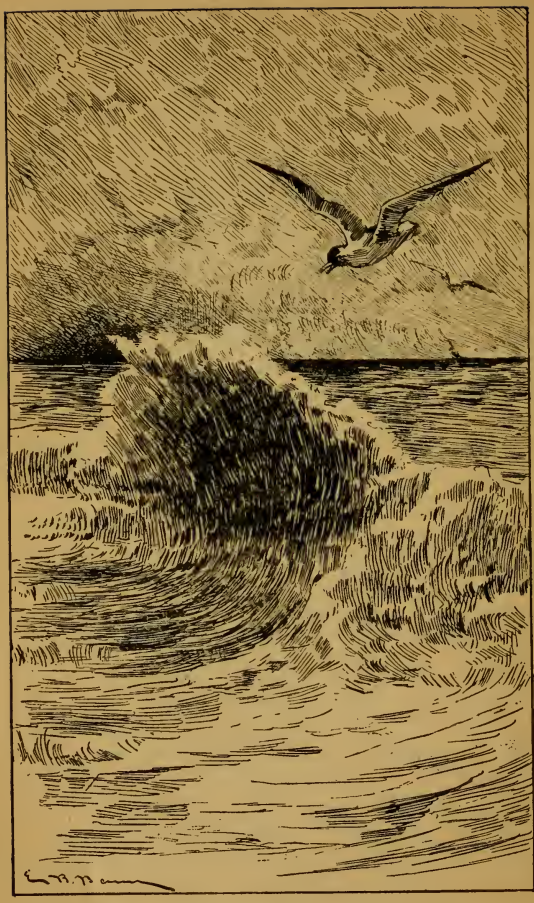
Ay, the bonny boy
  Is bonnier still;
His play is to work
God's sweet will.

I looking, longed;
  I heard as of old,

In speech whose sweetness
Can never be told:

"We're two little fellows
Still gatherin' flowers
For their mamma."
So, in twilight hours,

There together,
From meadows so green,
We picked these flowers
From the Grand Unseen.



"O SEA! O SEA! INFINITE SEA!"

# III. SONGS OF THE SOUL.

GOD is God. Oh, fear not!
The Rescuer's tramp you hear not;
But do the work you have in hand,
For I who Am, am in the land.

## A Song of the Soul.

GOD, who touched my heart with song,
Said, "Son, thou dost to me belong;
Thou may'st not waste thy days
In pleasing songs, in lulling, lute-like lays.

"Come, sing me a song of a swimmer bold,
Who breasted the waves that over him rolled;
With a toss of the head defiantly,
He dared give him to a darksome sea."
And I sang this song to the curling waves,
To the sea that laps, and kisses, and laves:

"O sea! O sea! Infinite sea!
Thou tak'st me to thee lovingly;
Wouldst ope thy lips and swallow me?
I do not fear thy treachery,
For buoyant art thou, ay, and strong
As the rhythmic flow of deathless song.

"O sea! O sea! Infinite sea!
I think thou art the mother of me;
Up from thy womb I sprang into day.

Sea's arms enfolding, say to me, 'Nay,
Child of mine! child of mine! mine alway!
For mine is the night, mine morning's ray.'

"Thou art my mother, O infinite wave!
Now I bethink me, thou, too, art my grave!
Sea of God, lovingly lap me and lave;
Drown me thou canst not, thou canst but save.
O sea! O sea! Infinite sea!
Ope thy lips lovingly, swallow thou me."

## Alone.

I.

I SAW an eagle cleave the air;
He flew alone.
I tracked a lion to his lair;
He crouched alone.

II.

A river started to the sea;
It wound alone.
A mountain rose up haughtily;
It towered alone.

III.

I looked into eternity, —
Lo! God was lone.
And then I sang on cheerily,
But not alone.

## Work.

THE gods delight in overthrow.
When human pride is lying low,
And human wit is wreckéd quite,
And chaos, old, comes down like night,
Then the genius comes and reigns,
And builds new temples, builds new fanes,
Working as God works hitherto;
Both work, the universe and you.
Each stroke is graceful, primal, true;
With God's grand ease we learn to do.
All other work is trifling, marring,
All other music discord, jarring.
This the spheroid harmony,
From out the still eternity.

## The Snowdrop and the Rose-Tree.

LITTLE boy Bertie as hard as he can
Is wishing and trying to grow to a man.
Little boy Bertie must learn to wait.
Says boy Bertie, "That's what I hate."

Says little boy Bertie, "'Tis a big bother:
I wish to-day I's big as father."
Little boy Bertie, listen to me;
A nice little story I'll tell to thee:

"One cold wintry day, when the wind howled by,
Two wee, tiny seeds in the ground did lie;
But they did not know that the wind did blow,
That the ground above was covered with snow.

"Says one to the other, 'Tis a big bother:
In this little dark hole I'm 'fraid I'll smother.
I guess I'll start and grow to a rose:
There are fine things up there, every one knows.'

"Says the other, 'I don't know what I'll be:
I guess I'll wait and see.'

" So the first one started, and grew and grew
Up through the snow to where the wind blew.
The cold wind chilled it; it grew so weak
That the poor little thing could hardly speak.

" A man saw it lying on the crusted snow's top,
And named it, dying, ' the little snowdrop.'
The next one waited till the warm spring came,
Waited, not even knowing its name.

" The rain came down, and the little seed drank;
The moist earth for its food it did thank;
Till, by and by, it peeped out of the ground,
And wondered and wondered, looking around

" At the sky so blue, and the grass so green,
For neither of these had the little seed seen.
After a while the green leaves came,
But the little seed yet did not know its name.

" Then out from the leaves came a bud, —
But what if this should be its blood,
Running out from its little side?
' I almost wish in the ground I'd died.'

" One thing it did not, — it never cried.
After a while the bud opened its eyes wide.

Glad was it then it had not cried,
For there, blooming out of that little tree,

" Was the prettiest rose you ever did see.
And two young lovers, hand in hand,
Passing before that little tree, ' Stand ! '
Says the youth to the maid, ' God made it for
thee.'

" ' Not so,' says the maid; ' blooms beauty for all:
To gladden waste places it comes at God's call.' "
Little boy Bertie, which would you be,
The little snowdrop or the little rose-tree?

## Aspiration.

LET me lie in thy heart, O God,
And the many may go and come:
The One shall be my home.

I will take the dowerless Truth
My bride and spouse to be,
And welcome poverty.

To speak from the heart of things,
From the azure depths of God,
I would walk alone earth's sod.

Poets and singers brave,
You may toss your words on high,
Till they shake a blue-roofed sky.

On God's bosom would I lie,
And whisper soft and low
What nature tells is so.

Through this breathing flesh of mine,
God's rhythmic heart be sung,
That God though old is young.

Then would I die content,
Would sink forgotten, a ghost
Mid death's unheralded host.

## The Blade of Grass.

O BLADE of grass, you preach to me.
You yield to life and law,
You are the spring, ay, you are God,
The same the ages saw.

I kneel to you, and lovingly
My knees caress the sod ;
And sun, and sod, and blade of grass
Are one : the Living God.

## Resignation.

I GIVE, most willingly,
I give myself to thee:
Thou who art the wealth untold
That gloweth in the sunset's gold;
Thou who art of elm the green,
And in the lilac's purple sheen.
Art thou, too, in poor mankind?
Help me in them to find.
May I see thee in my foes,
When the issue 'gainst me goes.
Come there good, or come there ill,
May I ever see thee still.

O God, this is hard to bear!
Yet I know I am Thy care
Know that the great tenderness
E'en in this means a caress.
May I lift my head above,—
Nay, may I ope my heart to love,
Love that welleth everywhere,
Love that cometh unaware!

## Unitas et Trinitas.

THE Rain, the Snow, and the Mist,
They're three in one, you wist.
They come, they go,
They ebb, they flow :
The form they'll take
You never know.

The Good, the Beautiful, the True,
The Old yet ever New,
The track of the Same
Is in each name ;
They're three in one
And one in three,
Akin to God's own mystery.
The Rain's the Good, the Ever Giving,
Never thinking of receiving ;
She giveth cups of water cool
Unto Earth's thirsty soul.
The Snow is the True :
The Truth it hath its coldness,
Its presence giveth boldness ;
It crowns the hills,
The valleys fills.

The Mist is the Beautiful,
Child undutiful,
Earth born, heaven born.
Sea and sky were lovelorn;
Up springs a water sprite,
And sea and sky at once unite.

The Rain, the Snow, and the Mist,
They are all one, you wist.
The Good, the Beautiful, the True,
They are old yet ever new;
Ever blending,
Clouds rending,
With joy descending;
Now a joyous unity,
Now a blessed Trinity,
Everywhere Divinity.

## The Dead Robin.

REDBREAST dead, where is the life
That woke yestreen with tuneful strife?
Here is the casket, but where is the jewel?
Was it snatched away by a hand most cruel?
Here is the lyre, but where is the song
That swept these tuneful chords along?

Sped it quick beyond our call?
Fled it back to the soul of all?
Is it heat returned to motion?
Is it a drop gone back to the ocean?

Redbreast spirit, whither, say,
Tookst thyself from us away?
And art thou yet a redbreast still?
And workst thou yet a redbreast's will?

If I am I, on that farther shore,
Can I tell thee thou art less or more;
Or if thou art lost in a silent sea,
Can I tell thee why I am greater than thee?

## Samson and Delilah.

"MY strength is strong, my strength is sound,
But let me be by green withes bound,
Then shall I be as another man,
Weak shall be this strong right hand."
With tough green withes they bind him fast,
Like flax in flame they're from him cast.

"My strength is strong, my strength is sound,
But let me be by new ropes bound,
Then shall I be as another man,
Weak shall be this strong right hand."
He snaps the ropes like hempen thread,
And the liers-in-wait start back in dread.

"My strength is strong, my strength is sound.
Go weave my hair in your loom beam round,
Then shall I be as another man,
Weak shall be this strong right hand."
His seven locks were woven fast;
Lo! loom, web, all, go walking past.

Then he opened his lips and told her his heart:
"The life that I lead, of my soul's life is part.

My strength is strong, my strength is sound,
I live to God from sole to crown;
But let me once be shaven, shorn,
Then I from myself am torn.

"Then I shall be as another man,
Weak shall be this strong right hand."
Then was Samson shaven, shorn;
Samson the Strong from himself was torn;
Fierce Philistines crowd around;
Shorn lies Samson, blind and bound.

"Weakness, O weakness!
Why yield to me?
I thought thee strong,
I thought thee free.
I loved thy strength,
I love thee no longer;
Strong thou wert,
A woman was stronger."

## Hymn to Virtue.

LAP me not in Lydian measures,
Let me hear storm chariots roll;
Give me toils, not softening pleasures,
Grant me hardihood of soul.

I would not lie in lovely valleys,
I'd rather grip the mountain side;
There leaps the soul in liveliest sallies
Most where danger doth abide.

Thrill me, fill me with music shrillest, —
With blasts of wind, with shrieks of storm;
Serenely, queenly, the soul sits stillest
Where sounds the wildest war alarms.

It lives, it gives, for aye grows younger;
It only dies when honor's dead.
Its pains are gains. I feed on hunger,
When virtue beckons me ahead.

## My Christmas.

TO-NIGHT I sit in the shadows
And muse on that legend old, —
How Christ was born in a manger,
To bring the lost to the fold.

I keep not that far-off Christmas
Whose years betwixt us roll, —
The one that I keep is near me,
'Tis the Christmas of my soul.

I think of that morning twilight,
The twilight of my soul,
When the Star in the East's first glimmer
Did on its darkness roll.

I hear the chant of the angels,
The angels that guard the soul, —
"Immanuel, God is with thee,
With thee to make thee whole."

I feel the Lord Christ growing,
Growing within my heart;

And the life into new being
  Does all within me start.

I hear the devils shrieking,
  The devils of my heart,
As at the word of the Master
  They one by one depart.

I fear I see a Judas,
  A Judas in my heart,
That would sell the Lord Christ Jesus;
  And act a traitor's part.

I hear the shout of the rabble,
  The rabble of my soul,
Crying, "Crucify this Jesus;
  We will not His control!"

Ah! in the grave they lay Him,
  The Roman soldiers part;
And o'er that grave securely
  Place the marble of my heart.

And though they watch and ward it,
  These hirelings of my soul,
The angels come in the night-time;
  Away the stone they roll.

And when my Lord is risen,
  And the darkness doth depart,
The first who comes to greet Him
Is the Mary of my heart.

Thus I ever keep my Christmas,
  Keep it in tearful joy,
Not cursing the Jewish blindness
  That did its Lord destroy.

For I look within my own heart:
  I see that, again and again,
I crucify and slay Him,
  The God who dwells with men.

## Easter Chimes.

AH, Death, thou canst not kill!
Lo, thou hast ate thy fill!
Yet life is living still, —
Sweet Easter doth this teach.
Ah, Grave, thou'rt terror-shorn!
Triumph is from thee torn,
And thou, not we, forlorn,
Perforce Death's doom must preach.

As in old Galilee,
This wonder may we see, —
The clear words ripple free,
The Christ, He goes before.
Alive in man and womanhood,
In sweet constraint of brotherhood
We see the dear God's Fatherhood,
The Christ still hovering o'er.

"If I uplifted be,
I draw all men to me."
Lo, this belts land and sea,
This prophecy so bold;

And heroes in all time,
In every land and clime,
Work out those words sublime,
  Hasting the day foretold.

We know it cometh nearer,
For lo, the words sound clearer;
We know the Christ is dearer,
  The Christ of brotherhood.
So shoulder unto shoulder,
With faint hearts waxing bolder,
In the grave he shall not moulder, —
  The Lord Christ, gentle, good.

## A Song of Freedom.

O RIVER! O River!
As you go to the sea
Forever and aye,
So flowing and free,

You bow to men's burdens,
You grind in their mills;
Yet free, fresh, and savage,
You flow as God wills.

O River! O River!
Going down to the sea,
Oh, fill me! oh, fill me!
That I, too, may flow free.

Though I bow to the burden,
Though I grind in the mill,
May I go to the ocean
Untamed as God still.

## It Snows.

IT snows.
Who snows?
Is there any one knows?
Mid your jangle of tongues
And your jargon,
Into night and chaos
So far gone,
Ye wise ones
Tell me! Who snows?

. . . . . .

So gently it falls,
The fairy-thrown balls;
So still, yet so strong,
A soundless song.
So soft the flakes
Fall in my face,
I think they are thrown
By God's grace.
Ah! God snows.
He only is wise
Who this knows.

## A Matin Song.

ALL night long,
Flit! flutter! flat!
Went the horrid wings
Of a vampire bat.
I knew he hunted
My heart's blood red,
So with God's own mantle
I covered my head.

Night is gone, —
Hideous night!
Morn is here,
With her blessed light.
Softly swish
The wings of a dove,
And the olive it bears
Means peace and love.

## Phillips Brooks.

O SOUL so steadfast and loyal!
O soul so modest and brave!
To the land of the leal and loyal
Thou art gone, but not to the grave.

Ay, with God and the great-hearted
Thus thou didst ever live.
Death is, — but the ways have not parted,
In death thy life doth still give.

Thy life, it was ever a fountain, —
Nay, more, like stream ever gushing
Downward from loftiest mountain;
Manward from God it came rushing.

A herald, dashing into us breathless,[1]
Sped by thy tidings thou flyest,
Stammering thy message so deathless;
Thou camest from the throne of the Highest.

Gone from us is that presence supernal,
King-like, Greek-like, and grand.

[1] See Yale Lectures on Preaching.

With us is that message eternal,
But gone the great heart and strong hand.

He is safe with the dead, with the holy, —
Caught away with them in a cloud, —
Monk-martyr Savonarola,
Robertson, Maurice, McLeod.

*Jan. 26, 1893.*

## Star Lore.

### THE COMRADE STARS.

YE dear, dumb stars, ye shine the same
Through my life's growing years;
Ye never look with eyes grown strange,
For ye I shed no tears.

Then ye shall be my comforters,
My friends both leal and true;
My sounding-line and compasses
Assail God's deeps of blue.

### THE FAR STARS.

Oh! is there naught in life but dreaming?
Must being e'er give place to seeming?
We hunt the world o'er for the real,
To clasp ice-cold a dead ideal.
Must love e'en love keep hiding,
Or seem to be with devil siding?

No answer came. The dear, dumb stars
Looked piteous forth from heaven's bars;

And leaning, seemed to beckon me.
O stars, what ladder mounts to ye?
A soul would climb, climb and be free
From earth, its filth and misery.

I saw no ladder let a-down,
My feet yet walked the man-cursed ground.
Not man-cursed ground, — the filthiest street
Can hallowed be by blessed feet.
Then wait not ladder let a-down,
If thou wouldst walk on hallowed ground.

## God-Crowned.

ALONE on the mountain-top, — alone,
With none to see, with none to hear,
I take my own.

With none to see, with none to hear, —
Nay, the great god Pan
Is standing by, is very near;
Withhold thy hand.

With none to see, with none to hear, —
Nay, the God of the soul
Is standing by, is very near;
Thou hast the whole.

I hide me away in the laurel,
I stand unworthy there;
Yet my brow is twined with the laurel's leaves,
Its blossoms they tangle my hair.

"Because thou hast left all and followed,
Left the ways and the haunts of men,
Ay, followed me over the mountain,
Ay, followed through fell and through glen:

"I, the great god Pan, here crown thee,
Crown thee Poet and Priest;
I, the God of the soul, too, crown thee
To sing of the Star of the East.

"To sing of the One Anointed,
Of the sent, the set apart;
To sing as one can sing only
With love aflame in his heart.

"To sing when the soul sits resting,
Sits resting in God whilst it sings,
When thy thoughts like eagles go flying,
Take flight without flapping of wings.

"When thy thoughts like eagles go flying,
Go sailing my deeps of blue,
Like young eagles they mount and fly upward,
Their flight as bold and as true.

"To sing as the stars go singing,
The stars, that sing through years,
That sing though men do not listen,
Till the nights are bathed in tears.

"Thy days may be sometimes lonely,
And watchful and wakeful thy nights;

Thou must follow with fasting the Only,
With chariness of delights.

" Yet come, thou mayst sit at my table;
Ay, come and dwell with me,
To steep thy soul art thou able,
In God-wine, flowing free."

## The Great Spirit.

"God is a Spirit."

HEART was singing a pean,
To whom it did not know;
Soul was chanting a Te Deum, —
Whither did the chanting go?

Soul ceased her joyous chanting,
Heart ceased its eager panting,
Because they did not know
To whom their orisons flow.

Gone is eager longing,
No more are fancies thronging;
My heart is dark with woe
Because it cannot know.

The moon was mildly looking,
Looking on a world that was sleeping;
The wind was sadly shaking,
Shaking the trees to weeping.

The steeple upward leaping, —
Gone was the God of its keeping.

Where, O where shall I find Him?
What cords of thought shall bind Him?
Where in the universe place Him?
By what footsteps trace Him?

Cease this vain endeavor;
He is fled from thee forever,
And thou art left alone;
Yet not alone, —
Thou art only faithless grown.

The voice in my heart replying
Was answered by the wind's sad sighing.
The eye from the moon that was peeping
Saw itself in a world that was sleeping.
The steeple upward leaping
In the stars met the God of its keeping.
All was answering all;
There was no voiceless call;
Melodious, each was ringing,
Each to the One was singing,
Singing a joyful pean,
Chanting a glad Te Deum,
That on my heart was stealing,
Wrapping all in feeling.
My soul to Him was kneeling,
Kneeling to the All in All.

"O SWEET BOY SINGER WITH FACE SO RARE,
YOU, LIKE THE POET; YOU POET ARE."

# IV. SONGS OF MANY MOODS

## The Organ-Grinder's Boy.

A VOICE baptized in tears,
Once heard, that haunts for years,
That comes from heart outflowing,
That mocks the brook's sweet going;
A voice anon that gurgles, gushes,
Then plaintive, mimics notes of thrushes.

A face in whose bronzed tinting
Italia's suns are glinting;
Eyes-orbs of fire upturning,
In soul's recesses burning;
A boy's face, a boy's voice, soulful and sweet,
Yet it sings to an organ that grinds in the street.

"Plug him, plug him!" and down they come,
Unchildlike childhood, the avenue's scum;
And the voice is lost in discord harsh,
As mountain brooklet in meadow marsh,
Or conscience's voice, so still and small,
Is hushed and crushed in traffic's brawl.

This boy, he had done heinous wrong;
His crime to them was his rare song;

His voice so softly, sweetly flowing,
So unlike theirs, it mocks unknowing.

O sweet boy singer with voice so rare,
You, like the poet; you, poet are.
With Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Poe,
You rival song, you rival woe.

They sang sweet-voiced. And down they come,
Harsh-voiced critics, belles-lettres' scum,
And the song is lost in discord harsh,
As mountain brooklet in meadow marsh,
Or conscience's voice, so still, so small,
Is hushed and crushed in traffic's brawl.

And there, I know not why or how,
Save moved by this, I took a vow
That less and less, in the ahead,
Till work be done, and I be dead,
Will I to critic world conform,
Which music drowns in wordy storm;
  Which hates the beautiful and true,
  Because unlike what it can do.

## A Discord from My Lyre.

FOR days my harp had been hanging,
Idly beating the wall,
And music no more was music,
Heart answered not its call.

Down from the wall I snatched it;
It twanged a weary twang;
Its twanging was never a dirge,
Its twanging was never a song.

But I struck from out the heart-strings
Fitful notes of woe;
And methought I heard a song's footsteps,
Coming faint and low.

And I said, O notes that are fitful
Ye yet shall be a song;
And life that is weak and fretful
Shall yet be true and strong.

## The Morning-Glory.

AH, the Glory of the Morning!
None other hour dare wear thee;
None other time dare bear thee;
Else thy beauty would be scorning.

Thou with eyes so pure and bright,
Some spirit sure has tended thee,
And lovingly befriended thee,
Throughout the darksome night.

Thou with eye so softly blue,
Thou art thyself a spirit;
And thine eye's hue dost inherit
From the sky thou droppest through.

Thou whose hue is deeper,
God's azure depths have glinted
Across thee, and have hinted
That God himself's thy keeper.

Then lovely Morning-glory,
Keep thy comings, keep thy comings,

Keep thy bloomings and thy blowings,
Keep them sacred to Aurora.

Else thy beauty will be scorning,
If other hour dare wear thee,
If other time dare bear thee,
Thou Glory of the Morning!

## Twice-Fed.

O DELICATE, fragile pea,
Sway hitherward, toy with me!
Till I lose this appetite keen,
Till I cease to be grovelling, mean.
First my soul feed;
Then my body's need.
O delicate, fragile pea,
Sway hitherward, toy with me!

O butterfly's joy,
Be not so coy!
I see thee sway and bend
To thy gallant satin-robed friend;
Then delicate, fragile pea,
Sway hitherward, bend to me.
You reach and toy with each other,
Like lovers, — nay, sister, brother.
O soul of the fragile pea,
Thus reach and toy with me!

## Legend of Katahdin.

The Penobscot Indian guides will go with you to Mt. Katahdin. They will not go on it. It is sacred as the abode of their god Pomola, who sometimes rode a black horse shod with fire. The panthers were Pomola's dogs.

WHERE Wassatiquoik's waters
Ride hot from the mountain,
Dashing mad past Katahdin
With clang and with clatter;
Where the pine spreads his carpet,
There the braves had gathered,
Squaws and sachems
By scores and by hundreds,
Giving in marriage their sachem's daughter
To a chief of Penobscot.
The braves have done boasting,
How they had heard the dogs of Pomola;
Heard them yelling
And not fled affrighted.
Now they have taken
Themselves to their dancing,
Young panthers frisking,
Wild steeds prancing.
Apart stands Medulmah,

Whose feet are lighter
Than the light-footed brooks
That trip from Katahdin.
Afar look the eyes
Whose glance is brighter
Than the spotted fawn
That you hunt to the mountain;
For she goes like the fawn,
To the lodge of the sachem,
That you carry and pen
In your parks and gardens.

She hears not the noise
Of their shouting and dancing;
She is giving herself
To the God Pomola;
She is asking help
Of the God of the mountain.
"I would rather rest
On the couch of the storm god,
Than panther's hide
Of chief I love not."

A screech and a yell
That swallows their din,
And a light not of pine knot
Is blazing in.

Pomola on steed
Than midnight is blacker;
Hoofs shod with fire
Than flame is brighter;
Dogs whose yelping
Than war-whoop is wilder.

Medulmah alone
Starts not at their baying;
She is praying to her God
She meant her praying.
A spring, and she sits
On the steed shod with fire;
Then away up the ridge,
Up the peak higher, higher;
They see her ascend
To the home of Pomola.
No brave dare follow,
That pathway was holy.

## "Noblesse Oblige" — The Noble Help.

'TWAS a grand old motto in the days long gone;
Men drew the sword, and they lifted the spear;
They lived *sans reproche*; they died *sans* fear;
Was there danger ahead? They walked straight on.

And I in these degenerate times,
A degenerate son of the noble dead,
Dare lift a hand, dare raise a head;
"*Noblesse Oblige*," I hurl my rhymes.

If e'er I have stood on the stronger side,
When the weak went down on the side of the right,
My pen is my sword, I yield it in fight,
You may call me coward, may mock, may deride.

If e'er I have sold my sword for gold,
Have joined with the pack that hounded the weak;
If one dare accuse, the accuser may speak;
I will count my fame a tale that is told.

If in castled creed the prisoner's sigh
Has been borne by the breeze in vain to my ear,
You may count it one with the craven's fear,
And my motto here a blazoned lie.

## A 19th Century Knight.

SHE at the crossing stood,
'Wildered with snow and ice;
A laborer came in a trice
And built a bridge most good.

Dry shod as England's queen,
She walked his coal sacks o'er;
Sir Walter did no more
Than this poor heaver, I ween.

A glimpse of womanhood,
I think the man had seen;
This he had crowned as queen,
This knight of labor good.

## A Bacchic Song.

NOW gracefully swinging,
Now tiger-like springing,
Backward and forward you go;
Whiles fading, receding,
Then back again speeding,
The Tantalus melodies flow.
Joyous children, free-souled children,
Blithely dance along;
Joyous children, free-souled children,
Life is a dance and a song.

With true Greek abandon,
You seem not to stand on,
Your winged feet fly o'er the floor;
Now you curve beautiful,
Now dash undutiful,
As sea-born waves spurn the shore.
Joyous children, free-souled children,
Blithely dance along.
Joyous children, free-souled children,
Life is a dance and a song

Your dancing a rite is;
For the gods a delight is;

Thus they worshipped of yore.
In this you inherit
The true Grecian spirit;
Why dig for it, grind for it more?
Joyous children, free-souled children,
Blithely danced along;
Joyous children, free-souled children,
Life was a dance and a song.

As you go away from us
Each face is a promise
That life again shall be song.
Shall we be disappointed?
I charge you, anointed,
That ye be as the Greeks, true and strong.
Joyous children, free-souled children,
Blithely dance along;
Joyous children, free-souled children,
Make life a dance, a song.

*Class Day, Harvard.*

## The Call-O-Meter.

AH, the meter of the visit :
'Tis art's triumph most exquisite,
An instrument discrete and rare ;
Adjusted, this being done with care,
It will tell you to a dot
If you are a bore or not.
As the fluid rises, falls,
You shall gauge your evening calls ;
For the fluid is at one
And stands the selfsame base upon
As the life-force of your host.
You must vanish like a ghost
Should you see it downward sink.
And upon the whole I think
It were neater and completer
To call the thing a bore-o-meter.

## The Rattlesnake.

I.

AH, subtle one
With head of diamond shape,
With spots like black lace falling,
Falling o'er whitest crape!

Weird symmetry doth travel
From head to tipmost tail;
Old Egypt's art sure wrought thee,
Wrought thee without fail.

Or else the sun god got thee;
And thou, a witch's spawn,
With all the sun's intensity,
Art fire and craft in one.

What idleness in thy motion!
How passive are thy folds!
Thou dreamy fascinator,
Thine is the spell that holds.

Thou art indeed the subtlest
Of all the beasts of the field;
With that swift flash of thy forked tongue
They all the palm would yield.

II.

Dost thou wait adown the pathway,
Now, thy gay pied lover 's coming,
That thou peerest up so anxious
Through the mountain forest
gloaming?

Or perchance I am the lover
That thy soul has anxious waited;
One step more had made me thine
But that I was other fated.

Ah, thou lookest like the lover,
Tense of heart and passion-laden;
Alean and peering through the trees
For the coming of the maiden.

Ah snake, satiric one!
Lover, love deriding;
I will kill thee, passion snake,
For all thy subtle chiding.

And with stones I quick indented
That crafty head of diamond shape,
Heeding not the graceful falling
Of blackest lace o'er whitest crape.

Yet it died a beauteous death;
Aye more, its own requiem chanted.
With vibrant tail it wove weird spells,
Spells magic fraught and passion
heated.

*Galbraith Glen, Cumberland Mts.*

## The Wild Rose.

THE sun is setting;
Let it set.
And I am fretting;
Let me fret.
The sun was made to rise and set,
And man was born to fume and fret.
Let it set.
Let me fret.

Just then a wild rose reaching out
Came looking in my face;
Came looking up so tenderly,
Came reaching out with grace;
Came with the wind quivering,
Soft, but not with fear shivering.
God and very God it seemed
Was looking from that flower;
Looking out so lovingly,
Tenderly, reprovingly.
Lone is thy lot deemed;
And hast thou no companion?
See, I hover in the flower;

In the pine-tree lurks my power,
In the dust beneath thy feet,
In the looks that rose looks meet;
Thus said, and I was comforted.

*South Carolina.*

## The Mignonette's Message.

GO, Mignonette: go, to where my friend lies
sleeping;
There good angels now their watch are keeping,
Yet will they not hinder thee.
Then, when thy fragrance soft is stealing,
Be this message thy revealing;
Bear thou this thought for me:

Unobtrusive as this bloom,
Silent as its still perfume,
Thus my soul would come unto thee
And only with its presence woo thee;
An unseen influence
To help guard thine innocence,
Thy very own to help thee hold,
Youth's prophecy to help unfold;
Then would I live in thy soul's power,
And not wax faint like this poor flower.

## Wild Honey.

IN AN ALBUM.

SOME autographs attempt the witty,
Attempt and fail, the more's the pity.
Some are words of sage advising,
For one's heeding or despising:
This way of precept, line on line,
I own, indeed, is mostly mine.
Some write a sonnet 'neath your eyebrows;
Your Album's filled with Indian powwows,
Where each beau brave thinks he is heard
By hurling you love's hottest word.
Some are seriously funny;
Some cynic, sour; some sweet as honey;
Whose pen drops honey, be it the wild,
The sweet is clear, cloylessly mild.
You'll find the difference much the same
Betwixt the wild flower and the tame.
Wild honey is the wild flower's body,
Distilled by bees, a drunkless toddy.
I tried it up in Tennessee;
I scooped it from a hollow tree,
Up where by her wooded mountains
Leap and laugh her cure-all fountains.

In fact 'twas seriously funny,
The getting of this same wild honey.
The tree stood in a mountain glen ;
'Twas quickly felled by mountain men.
When quickly bees, by thousand, hundred,
Sang songs of war whose notes ne'er blundered.
Not thus they sing when sipping flowers ;
The war-song's sung for alien powers.
One lance-thrust costs a bee his life, —
To save his home his only strife.
The war-song checked the mountaineers ;
With watery mouths they counsel fears.
I seize a torch and they dart after, —
War-songs of bees, and shouts, and laughter.
I reach the tree-top, reach for honey,
Much as a Yankee grasps for money.
Dry leaves, dry tree-top quick takes fire,
To keep apace with my desire.
I think 'twas like the fire infernal,
Where stolen sweets do fiercely burn all.
There, mid burning, blinding, stinging,
Fierce hum of bees, yet fainter ringing,
I filled my pail with mountain honey ;
You see 'twas seriously funny.
With bread of maize and squirrel broiled,
We ate the sweets for which we'd toiled ;
And as the sun glanced down the glen,

I shared a feast with mountain men.
The singing brook, as it danced by,
Looked back on us coquettishly.
Forgot were stings in a calm joy;
Here once were sweets that did not cloy.

I think I've made this long digression,
To save a bitter-sweet confession
That I have borne the stinging, burning,
To get the sweets of my heart's yearning.
But then my sweets were cloyless sweets,
Forsooth they pulsed with wild heart's beats.
I thought to sing, — but lo, a sermon, —
Sing, as some Mermaid unto Merman,
A song as liquid as the sea
That flows and flows eternally;
That last, the Mermaid simile,
Fits well a little maiden free.
She sitteth ever by the sea,
Society's plashing, dashing sea.
I would sing thee a song to woo thee away
From where its treacherous billows play.
I fear thou'lt perish in that sea,
O maiden singing joyously!
O Mermaid, Mermaid, come from the sea!
For see, the waves curl treacherously;
They lap forked tongues for thy free soul.

O Mermaid, theirs is a weird control!
Up here is the grass and the soft blue sky,
And the brook goes laughing, singing by.
Down there is naught but shifting sand;
Up here are mountains, as God most grand.
O Mermaid, Mermaid, come from the sea!
For see, its waves curl treacherously.

## Voyagers.

YOU spake with eye upon that sea,
The nameless, the beyond:
"I could wish my life to be
A picture, earnest, warm,
A talisman from harm."

I spake from out that sea,
Where ships with tempests wrestled
And in no harbor nestled:
"E'en so 'tis now to me,
A picture golden tinted,
That to my rapt soul hinted
Much of that Yet-to-be,
And that its light is all that falls
Upon my life's poor, bare gray walls."

For this the furies slashed me;
For this my genius lashed me;
That I had dared to say
That life was bare and gray;
When earth to me was a fairy clime,
And life had flown in a golden rhyme;
And her winged feet kept runic time
To music, joyous and sublime;

When the universe is its only walls,
And the Light Unchanging o'er all falls,
Showing here and showing there
Gems and paintings, rich and rare,
Flung by the Great Artist's hand,
As the ocean sketches the shining sand
Whose music is the whirling spheres,
Whose laughter, the ripple of the coming
years;
Where joy and sorrow, good and ill,
Play a symphony diviner still.

## A Texas Vision.

MANY friends have I,
Collards bright and gay,
Jocund as the day.
This is what they say
While to and fro they sway:
"We nod to every breeze,
Like Alcibiades.
Our mission is to please;
We're gods of grace and ease;
We with the breezes sway,
Yet with the breezes play."

They at my window lean,
And whispering, seem to nod
And peer, as doth some god,
At toiling son of sod.
Yet, when again they lean,
They shift like shifting scene
They weave into my dream;
The dead and quick they seem.
Past, present, — warp and woof,
The Great no more aloof:
Socrates, Montaigne,
And Emerson, the Plain,
Carlyle, Great Sham Killer,
And Love Melodious Miller,

And Byron, Son of Scorn,
And Rousseau, passion-torn,
Grasp hands, shake hands, are brothers,
Are sons of selfsame mothers.

I, a mere looker-on,
Sit sad, apart, forlorn,
Nor dare to lift my head
' Mong Great, alive or dead;
When lo, they crowd around
Like crowding waves of sound.
They fill me
And they thrill me;
My soul puts on new garb.
They bid me rise and stand;
They reach and clasp my hand.
They deign to call me brother:
Aye, son of selfsame mother.
Ah! there the vision's gone,
And Collards still wave on.
" A joke, a thing to please;
We're gods of grace and ease.
Like Alcibiades,
Our mission is to please.
Trust not half we say,
As to and fro we sway."

*Blossom Prairie, Texas.*

## The Purple Tasselled Corn.

I.

O TALL and tasselled corn,
With silks of pink and gold!
You grow so still and gracefully
Up from the dark, rich mould.

Your pendent leaves
What hap e'er grieves?
Come winds, come storms,
What hap e'er harms?
What loss but quick retrieves?

Now I think some Indian maiden,
In some æon long ago
When the days of gold
Slipped by untold,
Gave her hair to deck thee so;
And the Father of Life, in the olden,
Turned it to pink and golden;
And so you beauteous grow.
Else, in that distant Aiden,
Thou gavest thine to the maiden;

Which 'twas I hardly know,
'Twas long, so long ago.
Gone is that æon and that Aiden,
And that glossy silk-haired maiden,
Gone down in the long ago.
But here, so tall, so beautiful,
To the white man all too dutiful,
Thou bendest thy tasselled bow.

Thou wert bread of life in the olden,
With thy silk so pink and golden.
What now? I hardly know.
We crush thee with steam-whirled boulder
'Till thou art dead as the grave, and colder.
Thou 'rt bread of death, I trow.
With thy silk so pink and golden,
Wouldst woo us back to the olden,
To the truth of the long ago!

## II.

### THE CORN TELLETH THE STORY OF THE FEAST OF THE FIRST FRUITS.

When they saw my tassels coming
Like shaft with drawn bow shaped,
And my eager ears out pointing
With their long hair graceful draped;

There was hurry, eager rushing,
  Throughout all the valley wide;
Old men talking, young men running,
  Women joyous in their pride.

And the stone axe ate the heart out
  Of the hardest hardwood tree;
Shaped the pestle; shaped the mortar;
  Shaped them swiftly, shaped them free.

And the women from the red earth
  Took the finest they could find;
Whirled it swift as flowing water,
  Whirled it swift as whirling wind.

Then they dried it, baked it, burnt it
  In a fierce and eager fire
That lapped up all the water:
  Gave them vessels for their mire.

Some were braiding straws and grasses;
  Some were dressing furs and skins;
Some were shaping flints and axes;
  Some were building larger bins.

When all was new, made over,
  Then, they quickly brought the old,
All the last year's goods and chattels,
  Corn, utensils; all were told.

Then the priest, with lighted pine torch,
  Set the filth heap all aflame;
Water washes; fire washes;
  Fire washes out a name.

Down they sat them, foodless, fireless;
  Watching, fasting, three days long;
With bitter herbs their bodies purging,
  While their souls grew strong.

On the fourth day, at its dawning,
  The priest gets fire in sight of all,
Rubs the cedar sticks together
  Till the Master lets it fall.

With the smoke a shout goes upward;
  Life begins afresh, anew;
With that shout my blades I rustle:
  "Life in death is for me, too."

## III.

### DEATH-SONG OF THE TASSELED CORN.

"Borne in triumph through the town;
Hair turned from pink and gold to brown;
Leaps to kiss me fiercest flames,
Fire and death dissolve a name.

I still am soul of Indian's soul,
A part and parcel of the whole.

I nestle close to hottest embers,
Tasselled corn no more remembers;
With joy I plunge in seething water;
That Indian maiden, ah! I've caught her.
To live in silk-tressed Maiden's hair,
For threefold death I would not care.

## The Chickadee.

CHICKADEE, chickadee,
  Singing your song,
The day is yours,
  Be it short or long.
No toiling, no caring,
No hoarding, preparing;
Defying and daring
  Whate'er the days give,
Come rain, or come blowing,
Come sleet, or come snowing;
Unheeding, unknowing,
  You joyously live.
A poet who knows it,
Who lives it and does it,
  Whose life is one with the song
    he sings;
Your climbing and clinging
Keeps time to your singing.
You march to the music
  Your own pipe rings.

O Grecian, O childhood,
  Skipping along!

Brave little hero,
With heart so strong!
No thought for the morrow;
No trouble you borrow,
From the days ahead,
For the day that is here;
But joyously twittering,
Unheeding Bun's chittering,
Who hoards to-day,
Then watches in fear.
O wise little teacher!
O practising preacher!
The only Christian
The years have seen.
Fly farther, soar higher,
Brave care-defier;
You carry to-day
In your beak, I ween.

## The Washita.

THE Washita winds
In a wild, sweet way,
Down through that vale
Where the rank grass teems;
Like wind-blown scarf
It gracefully seems,
Cottonwood fringed.
O reddest of streams!
You wind in my dreams
In a wonderful way.

*Paul's Valley, I. T.*

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